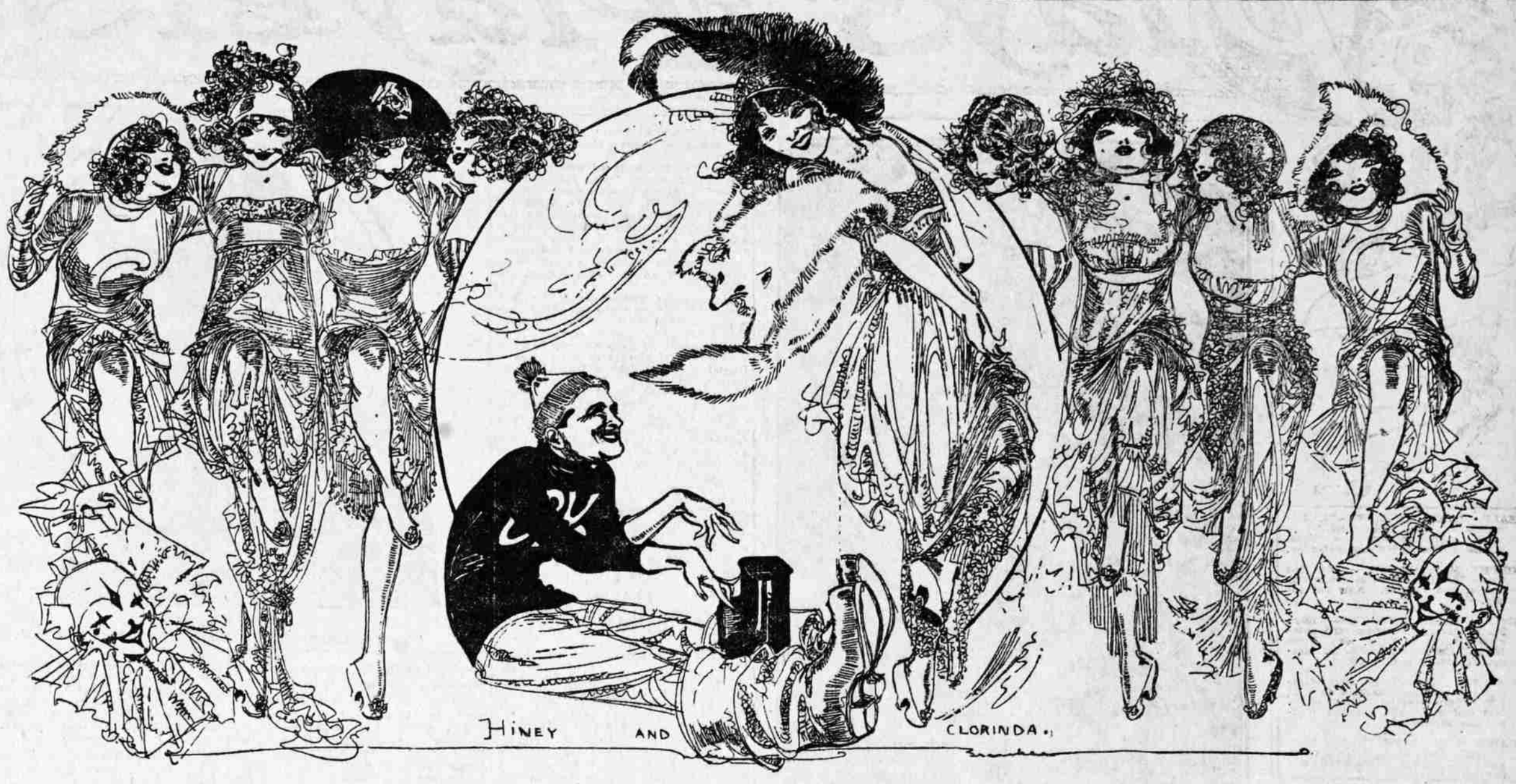
THE CHARMS OF HANKY PANKY

By Nell Brinkley



SOME OF THE BEAUTIES. MONTGOMERY AND MOORE. MORE BEAUTIES.

Married Life the Third Year

The Last Night in London; They Have Supper at a Fashionable Hotel.

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

WARREN leaned out the cab window and gazed down the blockaded street.

"Jove, looks like every taxi in London is jammed in around here."

"But we'll soon get through, won't we?" asked Helen anxiously.

"Don't know about that. A mix-up in these narrow London streets is no joke."

Here their cab moved up a few feet. Helen leaned forward hopefully. But the driver was only getting closer into line with those ahead.

"If we stay here much longer we'll have to cut out that supper," glancing at his watch by the light from the street. "Everything closes here at 12:30. It's 10:55 now. That was a long show."

"Twelve thirty? Why, surely the theater supper places don't close that early?"

"I said everything, didn't I? The law here is to close at 12:30 sharp and it's enforced, too. No getting around it as they do in New York. At 12:30 the place has to be dark and everybody out."

Here the cab moved up another few feet. Helen looked out anxiously. She had so often heard of "supper at the Savoy" that it would be a real disapointment not to go. If only they hadn't left it for the last night!

But at length the policemen untangled the maze of cabs and taxies and they were allowed to make their way through.

When they reached the Savoy, Warren hurried her in and pointed out the ladies' cloak room down the great arched corridor.

At the Savoy.

"Now you'll have to hustle. I'll check my coat and meet you here in two minutes."

Helen was surprised at the luxurious appointments of the dressing room. There were at least a dozen satinwood toilet tables, arrayed with their silver brushes, powder boxes and hand-mirrors.

The maids were busy checking evening wraps and adjusting gowns that had been disarranged in the theater or the cab. The air was stifling with powder and perfume.

Helen checked her wrap and hurried out to the lobby, where Warren was waiting impatiently.

"Going to have a devil of a time getting a table here," he grumbled as they entered the restaurant.

Large as the place was, every table seemed filled. Helen's first impression was of the brilliancy of the scene. Everywhere were glimmering jewels and bare white necks and shoulders.

One of the head waiters led them through the main room to a small table back in an alcove.

"Can't you do better than this?" asked Warren.

"Afraid not, sir. You see, everything is taken except those tables back of the posts."

"This is not so bad," ventured Helen. "We can see very well from here."

"All right, then. Suppose there's no use putting up a kick in a place like this. Haven't more than forty minutes, anyway."

"Dear, have you noticed that not a single woman is wearing a hat?" whispered Helen. "Don't they allow them?"

"No. You couldn't get in any smart supper place here with a hat. It's only in New York they allow the women to spoil a scene like this with their immense headgear."

Here the waiter placed before them some kind of jellied broth in tall, thin cups.

The Food Clamor.

"What's this?" Warren took up the silver-bound supper card, but it was printed in French, and he threw it down in disgust. However, the card was unnecessary, for the waiter quickly brought on one course after another. It was the regular after-theater supper, and there was evidently no choice of dishes.

"They've got this thing down pretty fine," explained Warren. "They've got to get you fed and get you out by 12:30 o'clock, so they're not giving you a chance to order. Now, what in thunder's that?" poking disdainfully at a tiny white paper case containing an unknown spoonful. "I'd like to know when they're going to bring us something to eat. So far we've had nothing but these dainty little dabs. I'd like some food."

But plainly the idea of this supper was not to give nourishment, but rather entertainment in the form of many samples of highly decorated and unknown concoctions.

"Huh," grunted Warren, as he viewed the latest morsel of culinary art that had been placed before him. "I'd give the whole supper for a good roast beef sandwich. Wager they'll charge enough for it, too," glancing at the supper card. "Supper, eight shillings," was printed at the bottom. "Eight shillings, and all of it hasn't the nourishment of a good plate of soup."

"Why, that IS high, dear. Everywhere else over here we've found the food so good and so cheap, and many of the places have been quite as beautiful as this."

"Oh, well, we're paying for the 'quaintness' now. This is the joint where London society is supposed to come after the theater, and lets Americans go to look them over. See that old girl over there craning through her lorgnette?"

"Why, she doesn't look like an American," protested Helen.

"Maybe not. Guess they size each other up some, too."

Low Gowns.

"But the English women DO know how to wear evening gowns."

"Of course. That's the only thing they can wear decently. They look like their street clothes are thrown at 'em. But they usually have good neck and shoulders, and can trail around in a long-tailed gown all right."

"And they dress their hair so gracefully: I love the way they coil it low on the neck. They don't wear a lot of bands and aigrettes as we do."

"They've sense enough to know it's not becoming. Who wants to see a woman's hair bristling with a lot of gew-gaws? Makes 'em look like Fiji Islanders."

"Oh, look how low that woman's dress is—the one over there in pale blue. Why, Warren, they do wear their gowns cut very low!"

"Well, I told you English women have good necks and shoulders, and they want to show 'em. Now, what sort of a lozenge is this?" as the waiter placed before them still another mouthful of French cuisine. "Looks lonesome on that plate."

But Helen was so absorbed in the scene about them that she hardly noticed the supper.

"Quarter after twelve," announced Warren glancing at his watch. "They'll have to get a move on 'em now mighty soon."

"Dear, you don't mean they can clear this great place in a quarter of an hour?"

"Just wait and see."

Helen looked around in wonderment. Every one was laughing and talking as leisurely as though time was not a factor. It seemed incredible that in a few moments they must all be out.

Now the waiter brought the coffee and the bill. And Helen noticed that waiters all over the room were presenting their checks. The next intimation was a sudden turning off of some of the lights.

Wraps and Scraps.

The room was perceptibly darkened. A number of parties rose reluctantly from their tables.

More lights went out. Only those under the frescoed edge of the ceiling were left. Every one was on his feet and now all began moving in a mass toward the doors. When, a moment later, the last of the lights flashed out, the place was almost cleared.

The lobbies and dressing rooms were hopelessly crowded. Helen thought she would never get her wrap.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," as a stout lady in black chiffon and diamonds stepped squarely on her toe. "Yes, I hope to see you at Lady Ashton's garden party on Thursday."

But this last remark was not addressed to Helen, but to a tall woman in white satin and silver fringe who was crowded against her, Helen caught many interesting bits of conversation while she waited. Finally she got her wrap and pushed her way out to Warren.

Then there was another long wait for a taxi. They stood outside while one cab after another was filled and driven away. The silk hats and cape coats of the men and the long white wraps satin slippers and uncovered heads of the women reminded Helen of the illustrations of an ultra-society novel.

"Dear, that was really a very brilliant crowd," she mused, as at last they drove off.

"Huh!" as Warren settled himself back in the cab. "Must be a pretty hungry crowd by now, if they didn't get any more to eat than we did. If everything wasn't shut up I'd stop in a good lunch room and get a glass of milk."

What They Don't Say.

This weather is better than last year's."

"These were not the best seats I could get. I had an attack of stinginess when I got to the box office."

"I am glad to have you go, Mr. Boresum. Come and see us as seldom as you can."—Life.

My Mignonette Lady

By MARY CHAMPION.

TODAY—though not for the first time by any means—I was made happy by receiving from a girl reader a box of flowers grown in her own garden.

Roses, sweet peas, mignonette, "snapdragons" and pansies—they are making my room bright and sweet; and a sense of the kind thought which prompted the sender will dwell in my heart all day long.

I love them the more that they have carried my thoughts back to an old-fashioned garden long ago, where all the flowers I have named grew in wild profusion, filling the air with fragrance, mingling together without plan or conscious order.

Yet the touch of a loving hand was everywhere apparent. No weeds were allowed to choke the paths or growing plants, no dead blossoms clung to their stalks, pitifully proclaiming the brevity and frailty of earth's beauty. No gaps were allowed to intervene in the season's succession of flowers.

The owner of the garden was a beautiful elderly lady, with the fresh face and neat slim figure of a young girl, though her hair was almost white under the wide-brimmed sunhat which she habitually wore.

I always called her my "mignonette lady," and to my childish mind she seemed a real fairy godmother.

I never tired of visiting her in the quaint old cottage that was her home, where every room seemed expressive of her dainty personality, and the very cakes provided at tea time seemed different from those one ate at other people's houses—more delicately flavored and feather-light.

She always dressed in pale colors—lavender, silver gray, blue or heliotrope; sometimes her gown was of flowered silk or muslin fashioned in an old world style that made her look as though she had stepped straight out of the frame of a picture.

Her home was a perfect haven of peace and an atmosphere of peace clung around her. She seemed to have no worries, no griefs, no fears for the future. I have never known a woman so serene.

Even to my inexperienced eyes she was a rare and wonderful creature, and as I came to know her better I learned that she had many friends who used to go to her habitually when in trouble, in her garden to find healing and rest.

"No wonder Miss ——— wears so wonderfully," said a harassed-looking woman in my hearing one day. "She has absolutely nothing to bother her. Money enough, and a comfortable home, not a relation in the world to cause her anxiety and make her miserable. Any one could keep young under those conditions. Now look at me——"

But I, for one, did not wish to look at her or hear her tale of distress. Those words—"Not a relation in the world to make her miserable" had suddenly opened my eyes to the strangeness of a woman with a husband and children to love (no matter what her worries might be) envying a lonely, elderly, unmarried woman without any ties to hold her to life.

I became very pitiful to my beautiful "mignonette lady," and, in a childish way, tried to be a sympathetic companion to her.

As time went on, and I grew older, she came to look on me as almost a daughter, and would let me have glimpses of the inner self she kept so secluded, and tell me tales of her youth.

"My dear flowers," she said one day in a moment of confidence. "They have been real friends to me—they helped me through the greatest sorrow of my life. When all human love seemed to fail me—here were my flowers. In those days they seemed to me wreaths laid on the grave of my happiness, but that was wrong. My happiness grew afresh with the young buds, and is blossoming with them still, as you know."

I ventured on a timid question, and little by little, half by means of spoken words, half by suggestion, learned the one romance of her life.

She had been engaged in her youth to an officer in the army, who still lived in her fancy as a hero, handsome, gallant and splendid.

He was two years absent in India; then upon his return they were to be married.

He came home seemingly as fond and devoted as ever; the wedding day was fixed, her happiness beyond all expression.

Soon, however, she noticed a change in him. He was abstracted and brooding at times, and grew pale and haggard and nervous in manner.

To her questions he made the one careless reply—it was all her imagination—nothing was wrong.

Then one night they went to a ball together, and she noticed a lovely but fragile girl, who, she learned, had returned from India on the same vessel as her fiance.

She was about to ask him some question concerning her, when the girl looked up in passing and met the man's eyes. A long eager look they exchanged, while my "mignonette lady" looked on, then the girl's eyes fell and she moved slowly, hesitatingly away from him, with her flower like face white as death.

The man stood rigid, staring after her, with his hands clenched and teeth set; then he drew a sharp sigh, and turned to his promised wife.

"Are you tired, dear, or shall we dance again?" he said, in a lifeless tone.

"Let us dance together, once more—for the last time," said the "mignonette lady."

So her one romance ended, for she gave him his freedom promptly and uncomplainingly, turning a deaf ear to his protests.

"I have all the more love to spare for my flowers—that's why they grow so well," she told me with a little wistful smile.

The Battle of Lake Erie

By REV. T. B. GREGORY.

IT was just ninety-nine years ago, September 10, 1813, that Commodore Perry looked out upon the waters of Lake Erie and saw the British fleet bearing down upon him as he lay waiting for it in Put-in-Bay. The American flotilla numbered nine vessels carrying fifty-four guns, the British six vessels with sixty-three guns.

Perry began at once to beat out of his rendezvous at Put-in-Bay, and by 10 o'clock, when the vessels were within three or four miles of each other, Perry hoisted to the masthead of his flagship, the Lawrence, a flag bearing the dying words of Captain Lawrence, after whom the vessel was named, "Don't give up the ship." It was the signal for the day, and forthwith the battle began.

The first shot was fired from the Detroit, the British flagship, at the Lawrence, which had forged ahead of the rest of the American fleet. Most of the British craft then concentrated their fire on the Lawrence, with the evident purpose of cutting her off from the rest of the fleet.

For two hours the American flagship was the center of a terrible fire, but she fought on until she had not a gun in action. Twenty-two of her men were killed, sixty-one wounded and only fourteen unhurt.

Perry, however, instead of surrendering, leaped into a boat and bore his riddled flag to the Niagara. He had to pass within pistol shot of the British, who turned their guns directly upon him, but he escaped without injury, and safely aboard the Niagara renewed the conflict with unabated vim.

The splendid gunnery of the Americans began to have a telling effect upon the enemy, and in the confusion the Detroit was fouled by one of the other British vessels, and, seeing his opportunity, Perry rounded to and poured into the two distressed vessels several terrific broadsides. In the meantime the breeze freshened, and, taking advantage of it, the rest of the American fleet at once closed in.

The rest of the fight occupied but a short time. In less than twenty minutes after the united American fleet had begun business the Detroit struck her colors, which action was soon followed by the surrender of the rest of the squadron, and the battle of Lake Erie was over.

When Perry won his ever-memorable victory he was only 27 years old and had never seen a naval battle, while Captain Barclay, the British commander, was one of Nelson's veterans, and had had a wide and varied experience in sea fighting.

The Niagara, the ship to which Perry transferred his flag from the battle-ridden Lawrence, and which was so badly damaged in the historic action that she was left to sink, is about to be raised and repaired, very much to the joy of all patriotic Americans.

It was from the deck of the Niagara that Perry penciled upon the back of an old letter the immortal message to General Harrison: "We have met the enemy and they are ours—two ships, two brigs, one schooner and one sloop. Yours with great respect and esteem. O. H. PERRY."

The Summer Storm

By WINIFRED BLACK.

THE little girl was desperately angry.

She started to run upstairs and the first step she turned, stamped her foolish little foot as hard as she could and shouted in a strange, strained, harsh voice:

"Oh!" she said. "Oh, I wish the lightning would strike the whole world—and kill it all to pieces—I wish——" but just then some one in authority arrived, and the little girl ran upstairs and hid her head in the bed clothes and would not even listen to the rain tapping, tapping on the window pane, and rushing, rushing, down the steep sides of the high shingled roof.

And yet it was worth listening to—that rain—it says so many things.

"Hark!" it whispers. "Hark"—how the whole world is stopping to listen to the rain song.

"Shsh"—tired babies will fall asleep, worn mothers will smile at the sound of the song.

Flowers faded in the heat of the too friendly sun will revive, the parching dust in the red road will soften, the moss will begin to grow. See how the lillies hold up their thirsty cups.

Listen; the little stream silent so long begins to murmur, the tall trees bow to the oncoming storm.

Hark—there's the thunder; ah, there comes the lightning—it looks as if a tall man walked and swung his lantern—now here's his shadow between the light and the dark.

Now, it's a great pen writing in fluid fire.

What is it that it says to us, all the wondrous writing there on the wall of purple clouds?

Come, children, run into the house—the rain, the real rain has begun.

And the little girl lies upstairs in the room under the peaked roof crying. Oh, how bitterly she cries! "I wish," she sobs, "I wish"—poor, poor little girl, the storm has begun, hasn't it—the storm of life, for you.

How do you intend to weather it, I wonder—with anger and tears, with dreadful wishing of dire disaster to all who oppose your vagrant fancies? Poor little foolish girl, your eyes are red, your soft hair tumbles about your flushed face, the smile that makes you beautiful is gone.

All the joyous delight in mere living for living's sake, where is that? Gone, too, with the happy smile. Dear, dear, what a tragedy—and all because you could not go out in the very face of the coming storm and play lady up and down the walk in your mother's old lilac frock that you have taken such freakish fancy for.

Well, well—what a sorrow to be sure—you'll forget it tomorrow, little girl. In an hour from now you won't remember what it was all about—the wild storm in your little rebel heart—I wish I could make you see what a waste of time it is to cry like that.

Some day you'll know, poor child, some day.

There's something grimly just in the course of nature after all. I never knew a heart to fairly burst over fancied sorrow that some real grief did not come along to make pretense over into sober earnest. Don't cry so hard, little girl; some day you'll need those tears.

Some one will forget to ask you to her party.

The woman next door will have an auto when you have to walk. Your husband will forget to bring you a knot of violets on your anniversary day—oh, terrible things are waiting for you down the road of life, little girl. Why don't you save all that rush of tears for them?

What—you love to cry—it does you good—you feel better now that the tears are gone!

Yes, but—well, I declare, you look better, too. Was it just a storm as natural as lightning, as necessary a thing as the rain, perhaps—and yet—I ought to scold you, little girl. I ought to punish you some way—and I will.

There, you shall have chocolate ice cream today—not peach as you hoped—and the ribbon in your bonnie brown hair shall be blue—not pink at all. So shall I satisfy the demand for punishment.

You are sorry, you say—your arms are around my neck. How soft they are, the little slender arms!

What a foolish little face it is that leans against my tired forehead; how fast the little heart beats that rests so close to mine. Oh, my darling, if I could only hold you so when the real troubles come—if I could only "punish" you myself instead of letting life—cruel, relentless life—do it.

Look, the clouds are breaking in the sky, the sun shines on a distant valley on the mountain side; how green, how green it is!

The air is fresh and sweet, all the flowers nod gayly in the light breeze the storm left when it raged across the hills into the next valley below.

The little stream—how loud is sings! "I live," is sing, "I live."

And you, little girl, you are glad the lightning did not strike the whole world—you are sorry you wished that—you—well, I am sorry, too.

Some day, perhaps, you will wish so again, and I may not be there to smile at the fury of your balked intent.

Will you remember then, little girl? Will you think of me, and how we went through the storm together, this summer day, and kissed each other and smiled when it was all over?

I wonder.

Electricity

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

IN the year 1876, when I attended scientific lectures at Harvard, a certain professor of physics once explained to us the nature of light.

I had a notebook and industriously wrote down the principal points of the address, hoping thereby to memorize what the professor said, in order, if possible, that some day I might be just as wise as he.

Said the learned professor: "There is no light without combustion. There is no combustion without oxygen. The sun, therefore, is a molten mass of fire surrounded by oxygen. When the oxygen is consumed the light will go out and that will be Judgment Day. Every form of life will then disappear from the face of the world, and the earth will be like the moon, an extinct planet." The oxygen has not been all consumed, up to this writing.

It was not very long after I heard that lecture on light that a man at Menlo Park, New Jersey, succeeded in sending a current of electricity through a vacuum. In this vacuum was a small filament, and the current, when turned on, produced a soft, mellow light that illuminated the room. Edison had succeeded in producing light without oxygen.

Of course, if Edison had enjoyed the same educational advantages that I had had he would not have tried his fool experiment, because he would have known beforehand that there can be no light without oxygen.

Thirty years or more have passed since the incandescent light was first exhibited as a curiosity and we do not know anything more, practically, about what electricity is than we did then.

"What is electricity?" once asked a professor of his class.

Several hands were held up. "Well, Mr. Brown, you can tell us what electricity is."

Mr. Brown hesitated and then explained: "I knew once, but just at this moment I have forgotten."

"What a pity that the only man in the world who ever knew what electricity is should have forgotten," mused the professor.

Electricity is not a fluid. A fluid is one of the three forms of matter, the other two being a gas and a solid. All matter can be subjected to these forms at will, under the right conditions.

We sometimes talk about electric power. We see the trolley car flying along through the country and we say it is run by electricity. But this is the language of colloquialism, not of science. The electricity is only a means of transporting power.

Whenever you see a trolley car moving along so smoothly over the rails, just remember that somewhere there is a steam engine burning up coal or a water power that is falling without ceasing. If that water power should be diverted or the steam engine run down, the trolley would come to a standstill.

We say that electricity is everywhere in the atmosphere, but this is an assumption that passes for knowledge, since no one can refute you.

Electricity has never been placed under the microscope. It has not been weighed in the scales. Chemical tests fail to find it.

A wire that is charged with electricity looks, feels, smells, exactly like a wire that is not charged.

Franklin caught it on a key, but did not succeed in his endeavor to bottle it. All he caught was a cold.

We say that electricity travels. But this, too, is only a figure of speech and a variation of the good old bromide that "All we see is its manifestation."

Yet we manipulate this particular medium of energy which we call electricity. We know some of the things we can do with it, and we know a few of the things we cannot do with it.

Egypt, Assyria, Greece, Rome—great civilization all—went down to dusty death knowing nothing of electricity.

The whole science of electricity has been born, practically, within our time, and no man can say what the final achievement of the electrician will be.

Electricity is a phenomenon, just as the spirit that animates man is a phenomenon.

Electricity is a form of attraction and repulsion; of give and take; of absorption and dissipation.

Electricity seems to fill the connecting zone between spirit and matter.

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

I HAVE jest rote a song, sed Pa, that I think you wud like to hear.

I wud like to hear it all rite if you will let Bobbie sing it, sed Ma. I am afrade that you wuddent be abel to do so fine a song justice.

Well, sed Pa, then Bobbie can sing it. I knew that he wanted to sing it hisself, but what Ma sed about it being a fine song made him feel kind of good after all. So Pa handed me the song, & I sang it the best I cud for the kind of song it was. This was the naim of the song:

The drawing room was crowded in a city far away.
It was a politishun's hoam, so brillyunt and so gay.
His wife was cooking dinner wen a guest calm through the door
& sed Do you think William Taft will get jest one turm moar?
She hit him with a turnip on his bald and shiny pate
& sumthing like the following was the word that she did state.

Chorus:

Nix, Nix, Nix on Polyticks,
I'm tired of Teddy Roosevelt & his littel Bull Moose tricks,
I wuddent care if Taft grew Daft &
Wilson crossed the Styx,
Nix, Nix, Nix on Polyticks!

Well, sed Pa, what do you think of that for a song?

It dident seem to impress me favorable, sed Ma. It is not true, not true to life & not true to wimmen, sed Ma. Did you ever see me, for instens, throwing a turnip at a man's bald hed? In the first place I never cooked a turnip & wuddent have one in my hand, & in the second place I cuddent throw strate enuff to hit anybody in the hed unless I aimed at his feet.

Pa got kind of mad then. Wife, deer, sed Pa, is thare anything that I ever did that you liked? I was almost sure that this one time you wud like this song. I spent a lot of time on it. I thought the chorus was kind of catchy.

You poor old boy, sed ma, I dident think that you was going to cry so hard, or anything like that. If it will make you feel any better to tell you that I think the song is good, I will say that the song is good. I only thought that you wanted my real opinyun, Ma sed.

You know as well as I do that polyticks is everything right now & that it is always a important part of American life. Why doant you rite a song about the moonlite on the lake, or sumthing of that kind. Everybody knows that thare is moonlite on the lake when thare is a lake & a nite that the moon is out.

I guess you better lay off on songwriting, sed Ma & try sumthing else. I was reeding the other day about a man that got ten thousand dollars for curing a horse that beelonged to a rich man. Why doant you try beeing a veterinary surgeon instead of a poet.

Beeing a what? sed Pa.

Oh anything sed Ma. Try beeing a shipping clerk. But doant be a song riter.

So then Pa tore up his song as eesy as he used to tear up Broadway.